2. *Soul.* But the King hath a heauy reckoning to make,
If his cauſe be not good; when all thoſe ſoules
Whoſe bodies ſhall be ſlaughtered here,
Shall ioyne together at the latter day,
And ſay I dyed at ſuch a place. Some ſwearing;
Some their wiues rawly left;
Some leauing their children poore behinde them.
Now if his cauſe be bad,
I thinke it will be a greeuous matter to him.
King. Why ſo you may ſay, if a man ſend his ſeruant
As Factor into another Country,
And he by any meanes miſcarry,
You may ſay the buſineſſe of the Maſter
Was the author of his ſeruants miſ-fortune.
Or if a ſonne be imployd by his father,
And he fall into any ieud action, you may ſay the father
Was the author of his ſonnes damnation.
But the maſter is not to anſwer for his ſeruant,
The father for his ſonne, nor the king for his ſubiects;
For they purpoſe not their deaths,
When they craue their ſeruices;
Some there are that haue the gift
Of premeditated murder on them:
Others the broken ſeale of Forgery, in beguiling maidens
Now if theſe out-ſtrip the law,
Yet they cannot eſcape Gods puniſhment.
War is Gods Beadle. War is Gods vengeance:
Euery mans ſeruice is the Kings:
But euery mans ſoule is his owne.
Therefore I would haue euery ſouldier examine himſelfe,
And waſh euery moth out of his conſcience,
That in ſo doing, he may be the readier for death;
Or not dying, why the time was well ſpent,
Wherein ſuch preparation was made.
3. *Soul.* I faith he ſaies true,
Euery mans fault is on his owne head,

I would not haue the king
Yet I intend to fight luſtily
King. Well, I heard the kin
2. *Soul.* I he ſaid ſo, to mak
But when our throats be cu
And we neuer the wiſer.
King. If I liue to ſee that, i
2. *Soul.* Maſſe you'l pay hi
Tis a great diſpleaſure that
Gun can do againſt a Cann
Or a ſubiect againſt a Mon
You'l nere take his word ag
King. Your reproofe is ſ
Were it not at this time I c
2. *Soul.* Why let it be a q
King. How ſhall I know
2. *Soul.* Here's my gloue,
Ile challenge thee, and ſtrike
King. Here is likewiſe an
And aſſure thee ile weare it.
2. *Soul.* Thou dar'ſt as wel
3. *Soul.* Be friends you fo
We haue French quarrels en
We haue no need of Engliſ
King. Tis no treaſon to cu
For to morrow the King hi

Enter to the King,
and Atte

King. O God of battels ſ
Take from them now the ſe
That the appoſed multitude
May not appale their courag
O not too day, not too day

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